THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

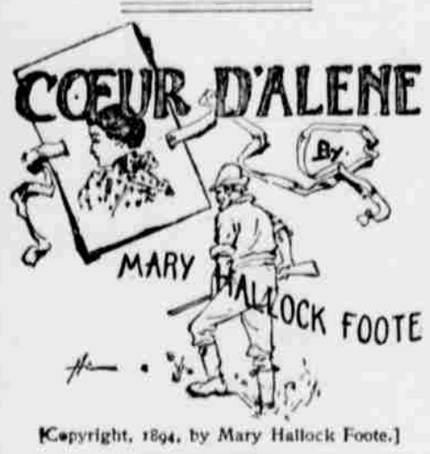
THE OLD WEDDING RING.

The loving Father sent His angel, Death,
To bid her leave this lower place, where she
Some time at table sat, to "come up higher."
With humble mien, and brief adieus, she rose,
Leaving her poor and faded garment here,
For, in that chamber, other robes are worn.
A gold ring, old and thin, she also left,
The which, to keep for her dear sake, I took
And drew it o'er my finger, lovingly!

Was it a talisman, a charm, I touched?
The moment it was on my finger placed
I felt her hand within my own again;
And like a dream came back all happy times
That we had spent together, our best states;
No memories of ill, but all of good
Return to me! And I possess them now;
For, when I feel this golden circlet, she
Is with me still, with me in prayer and praise,
With me in every scene of life's sweet joy,
From youth right on to time of silvery age!

Is not this mystic presence promise true
Of the reunion hoped for, and a proof
That though unseen she is not far away?
I take it so! Dear Lord, I will believe
She is not gone, but in an upper room
Of the same mansion, waits for me to come!

—John Bragg, in Boston Watchman.



XIII.—CONTINUED.

Faith sat beside her unconscious sleeper, listening to the sounds which reported all that she ever knew of those incredible scenes that have gone down on the annals of this region as "the massacre of Fourth of July canyon." Her senses were blunted, her mind refused to act; her heart crushed the life out of her with its beating.

Now was the time to say good-by—not the potential good-by she had bidden him an hour ago, but the actual parting, at the brink of the river of death. Many were crossing the dark waters to the city of refuge who would never return. She bent over her sleeper, and kissed him softly, but the sob that forced her heart against his aroused him, and he spoke to her suddenly in his natural voice:

"God bless me!" he murmured, while she held her breath in horror of his coming to himself at this fatal moment. "I thought that you kissed me! I must be dreaming. Oh, let it be true! Faith, dear, make it true before I lose you again."

"It is true," said the girl hoarsely, "and nothing else is true—nothing. I will never doubt you; I never did doubt you. Now go to sleep! Good night, dear; good night!"

He held his breath and looked at her keenly.

"Your lips are cold; your hands are cold. Why are you saying good night?"

"The boat is late," said Faith in a hollow voice. "We cannot go till the boat comes. You are sick: rest now—do rest; this is your only chance!"

She put her hands upon him, with soft, shuddering touches, trying with all the strength of her love to master her fear, that she might have power to lull him into obliviousness of the awful sounds of the night. Under the trees it was quite dusk; he could see nothing, but she felt that he was listening.

"What is that firing?"

"Only some men," gasped Faith.

"But what are they shooting at?"

"Shooting? Oh, at a mark."

"Oh, I say! in the dark!" laughed Darcie softly. He was drifting off again, as his speech betrayed. "Are they drunk? What are they shouting about?"

"It's the other men who are shouting," Faith lied to him, feebly.

"What other men? Is this a stag picnic? O Lord! O Faith, dear!"

Faith hardly knew what he was saying, but she welcomed any wildness, profanity—anything but his own low, steady tones.

"Be quiet, Darcie, dear!" she whispered.

"Darcie, dear!" he repeated, foolishly. "God bless me, but this is nice—what a sweet girl you are! Heavens! what a brute I was! Are you ever going to be friends with me again?"

He nestled his sick head close to her lap, contentedly, and gave himself up to the exquisite sense of her cold, soft touch moving over his hand in the dark.

"'Mother of Grace, the pass is difficult!'" whispered the tortured girl. It was the mother instinct, which can look on death, that taught her calmness at this moment, and gave her strength to exert her love, else one of nature's miracles was wrought; for out of the anguish of her deadly fear came supreme rest to him she loved, and Darcie slept. His hand slipped from hers, lower and lower, and touched the sand; softly she saved the contact from disturbing him. He sighed, and breathed more deeply; he was gone, even beyond his consciousness of her.

She moved a trifle, cautiously; drew away her dress, and noiselessly raised herself upon her knees. All along the shore she seemed to hear stealthy footsteps and furtive, leafy rustlings, as of a hunter stalking big game. The rapid firing had ceased, but scattering shots came infrequently, one at a time, from a distance. Step by step she moved a little way past the bushes and looked out. Overhead the clouds were blown in wild masses; the stars in the dark blue lakes of sky between winked peacefully, while the torn and flying cloud-signals altered from moment to moment. So did the peace of heaven abide this senseless, passing hour, that proved nothing, changed nothing, simply added its score to the wrong side, the side of human passion, which must miss the mark a thousand times before one true aim shall raise the record a little higher as the centuries pass.

Faith was quieted; she had reached the limit of emotional fear, and now a species of insensibility crept over her—the reaction after the shock. She wondered why she could not feel as she ought the peril of all those other men who were strangers to her affection. Where was Mike—always rash with himself? Was he safe? And how was it with the honest Cassons—the wife waiting with her little sleepy brood about her, to learn perhaps that they were fatherless?

She started back from her relaxed outlook and hid herself as a man came running, like one pursued, out from a group of black birch trees that stood together shivering in an open windy space. He ran uncertainly, this way and that, as if crazed with fear. His dog-hearted pursuer covered him with deliberate aim. It was pitiful to see him waver between the chances of the river and of the broken plain below. He was exhausted wih running; his chest labored in hard, painful gasps; his legs were giving under him. The next moment he stumbled and fell. The "scab" hunter came up and turned him over with his foot, keeping the muzzle of his rifle close to his chest. He said something brief, which Faith did not hear. The man never spoke, but threw out his hands expressively on the sod. The other searched his clothes and took all that he had in money or small valuables and, stirring him with his foot, said:

"Git—git out from here! I'll give you till I count 60."

The hunted man sprang up and ran. Once he turned his head over his shoulder, and saw his pursuer following him with cool aim. He plunged into the bushes, cleared the bank and splashed into the river.

The man with the rifle stood on the bank and waited. Faith could have touched him where he stood. He watched till the swimmer's head showed plainly beyond the shoreward shadow, a dark spot parting the current in midstream; then a bullet went clipping through the wild-rose thicket. The black spot turned toward the light; it was the man's face; he was taking his last look at the sky; his hands went up; he sank—and a coil of ripples unwound in widening circles toward the shore.

The hunter of "scabs" stood still a moment while the smoke of his rifle drifted away among the trees. Then he set his feet upon the river bank, slid down, and stooped at the river's brink. He laid his face to the water and drank; and the river did not refuse to quench his thirst.

Faith crept back to her place; her sleeper still slept. The man by the river turned her way, and set his feet again upon the bank. She slipped the mantle from her shoulders, and laid it, as soft as the rose of silence, upon Darcie's face. The silk-lined folds settled into place; he did not move. So he had looked when she had thought him dead. She clasped her hands upon her knees, and bent her head upon them. Steps came up the bank and paused close beside her; she merely breathed. There was silence; then a voice said:

"Who is your man, my dear?"

She did not answer. Dan Rafferty studied the two figures attentively a moment.

"Is this you, Miss Bingham? and our folks lookin' for you high and low! And who's this party you are hidin' out with?"

Faith raised her hand, but she did not speak.

"Show me his face! What's the matter with him?" Rafferty made a step forward.

"Keep your hands off the dead!" said Faith.

"Dead, is he? I don't think you can play that with me. If he's dead, it'll not harm him to show his face."

"There is a dead man whose face you will see in the day you go to meet your God!" Faith pointed to the river. She had risen, and placed herself between Rafferty and her sleeper; and was aware that Darcie was stirring, and her flesh rose in horror; she had no hope, only to postpone the moment of discovery.

"I know you, Rafferty," said the desperate girl, "I will bear witness against you, if you dare come one step nearer. Coward! you took his money, and then you took his life!"

"Come, now, that's no way for a lady to talk! I want to see who's your best feller. Pull that thing off his face! I bet I know who it is. Don't I know them English shoes? Well, if you won't, then stand aside. See here, now; I don't want to put me hands on you."

"Ah!" cried Faith, simply shuddering at him.

Rafferty gave a hoarse laugh. "Come off the nest now, me little chicken! It's your own doin's if I have to hurt you."

Suddenly Faith felt that she was free. Rafferty had loosed her, and stood listening.

"Quit that!" came Mike's great battle roar. "Put up your bloody hands! I have the drop on ye."

Rafferty had not been the last to perceive that this was true. It settled the situation between him and Mike once more, and for the last time. Mike walked slowly forward, hurling taunts at his old enemy:

"Chuck me your weepins, Raffy, me boy. You'll not want them where you'll be goin' shortly; you'll not be huntin' scabs in Boise City."

At the mention of Boise, which is the city of approximate justice and of occasional punishment, Rafferty gave Mike a bitter look; but he offered no retort.

"I hope the climate will agree with ye," Mike proceeded. "I hear it's a nobby buildin', the Pen, an' the boys is doin' a little gard'nin'. Ye'll make a fine gard'ner, Rafferty; I doubt ye'll turn out a pious fraction of a man."

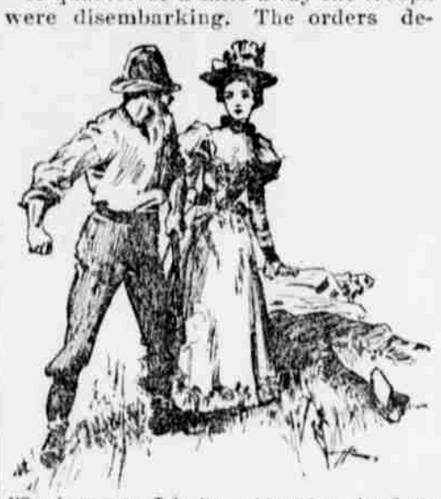
As he came opposite to the spot where his prisoner stood, Mike raised his rifle and lowered his head, and suddenly he opened cry, like one mad schoolboy defying another:

"Run, Rafferty, me bould boy!" he yelled. "The scabs is after ye! Get a move on you! Shake it up, man! Hit the road!" and as Rafferty ran, Mike, roaring with laughter, leaped upon the top of the bank, and sent his big voice after the fugitive:

"The boat is in, Rafferty! And the throops is on board! That's right, I'm tellin' ye! The throops is on board! They're flyin' light two comp'nies from Sherman, an' Gin'ral Carlin in command. Will ye try the river, or will ye try the canyon? Tell the boys if ye meet 'em that martial law—is out—in the Cor de Lane!"

Long after Rafferty was clean out of hearing Mike continued to disperse his soul in barbaric hoots and howls, till Darcie, raising on his elbow to listen for another sound, bade him hold his infernal riot.

A quarter of a mile away the troops were disembarking. The orders de-



"See here now: I don't want to put me hands on you."

manded a quiet landing, but Mike had heard the roll call on board the boat before she touched the shore. And now the tramp of feet could plainly be distinguished treading the deck of the wharf-boat; now they were mustering on the ground. Two by two, in columns of twos, the companies were marching as one man. Steady, through the night, on came the solid, cadenced tread. As sharp as pistol shots rang the words of command. The white stripes, the steel points, gleamed through the trees. Silence; and "piercing sweet," O voice of rescue in the dark distance, the bugles sounded:

"Attention!"

It sent the blood to the hearts of all who heard that midnight call. Darcie thrilled, and was himself again in that moment of strong excitement. Faith broke down like a child, and wept. A word at last had been spoken to which even anarchy, red-handed, paused to listen. That brief order would carry through the night; it would fly from camp to camp through the mountain gorges, and every man who caught but the echo of that word would understand. Those who will not heed the voice of law, or soften to the stiller voice of kindness, must pause at last when the bugle sounds:

"Attention!"

There was no "weddin' in Spokane," as Mike had generously predicted; but there was a doctor in Spokane, which was more to the immediate purpose.

The wedding was some months later, when the war was over, and the trials were over, and the technicalities of the law had done much to retract the ringing lesson which the clear-voiced bugles taught. The mines had resumed; Mr. Frederick Bingham had "resigned," and was investigating the Keeley cure; and Darcie Hamilton was sent over as manager of the Big Horn. This time he did stop in New York long enough to protect his claim to the virgin lode he had located, under trying circumstances, the previous summer in the Coeur d'Alene. (The name of it was not the Black Dwarf.) But the complications between that early, rash location and the subsequent patent under law would make another story, with a very different scene-setting. The family discussions, in Darcie's opinion, were far worse than any miners' war. He never knew on which side his best friend would turn up. His mother, for instance, was inflexibly against him, while his father, the most positive of men, was inclined—especially after seeing Faith's picture—to look upon the young man's adventures in the Coeur d'Alene as very much what might have been expected, so why make a row about a thing that was a mistake all around? Darcie by no means considered that any of it was a mistake; but if his father chose to call it so, and to give his consent to his wishes on that understanding, he was willing to yield the point, in name. But Faith declined to go to England, into a family that gave her so cold a welcome. Therefore Darcie came to America as manager of the Big Horn, and the intrepid young pair went westward on their conquering way, and left age and opposition behind them. And if they have disappointed each other's high expectations of happiness, the fact has not as yet transpired to the knowledge of their relatives.

Faith celebrates in her letters the wonderful wild flowers of the Coeur d'Alene, the grandeur of its mountains, the softness of its sudden spring. Other persons maintain that the spring has been very late in the Coeur d'Alene this year. Her aunts wonder if the climate has changed. Something has changed, the girl has found her heart of youth again, and with it the courage to be glad. The premature, crushing experiences of the year before, its shocks and shameful surprises, have taken their due place in relation to larger experiences and more vital discoveries. She has parted with one sacred illusion, but she is fortified against that irreparable loss by a deeper knowledge of life and its inevitable shortcomings. Greater joy than hers no woman, she believes, has ever known. She cannot look to have all the joys, and all the strengths, of a woman's perilous life of the affections.

Her mother she lost before she ever knew her. A father she never had; he died the spiritual death before his child was born. The body of Frederick Bingham still walks the earth, but his soul will never be cured by the Keeley or any other mundane cure; it expired too long ago. When the will is dead, the man is dead. His children can only mourn him, and pay what respect they may to the dreary remains.

Darcie has his enemies in the Coeur d'Alene, but he has also his stanch friends. Mike is foreman of the Big Horn in place of Peter Banning, deposed; and Kitty Tyler, now Kitty McGowan, makes the surly Big Horn kitchen a realm of perpetual sunshine. She is spoiling her young mistress for whosoever her successor may be when she and Mike go to housekeeping in the fall.

THE END.

The Paper Morris Used.

Mr. Morris was no advocate for thick paper, but he had long before found out that machine-made paper of wood pulp and clay was useless for permanent results, to say nothing of the uninteresting quality of its surface. The latter failing is a factor by no means unimportant in the beauty of a book. Much of our shiny, calendered paper is, besides, trying to the eyes. He was forced to resort to the plain, honest way of the old-time paper-makers. Unbleached linen rags were used, and molds whose wires were not woven with absolute mechanical accuracy, thus obtaining a sort of variety in the surface. This paper was made expressly for him by Mr. Batchelor, at Little Chart, near Ashford, and "resembles the paper of the early printers in all its best qualities." Three water marks were designed by him for paper of different sizes—"the apple, the daisy, and the perch with a spray in its mouth; each of these devices being accompanied by the initials W. M."—Pratt's Institute Monthly.

The Clincher.

A gentleman, one day driving down a country lane, and observing a rustic driving a sow and her little ones along, remarked:

"Whose pigs are those, my boy?"

Boy—The old sow's, sor.

Gentleman—But who is the master?

Boy—That stumped-tail little beggar yonder. (Pointing to one of the little pigs.)

Gentleman (waxing wroth)—Where do they belong?

Boy—The third sty on the left, sor.'

Gentleman (angrily)—Idiot! Do you want a fool's place?

Boy—Why? Be you going to leave, sor?

The gentleman was last seen driving down the lane at a furious pace.—Spare Moments.

Hard to Bear.

Mrs. Goodsoul—What's the matter, my dear? You look worried.

Mr. Goodsoul—I am suspected of being a defaulter.

"But you are not."

"No; only it's very hard to be suspected of being a thief after the years of faithful work I have done for Closefist & Co."

"But how do you know they suspect you?"

"They have offered me a two-weeks' vacation."—N. Y. Weekly.

THE SERGEANT'S ADVICE.

He Says a Soldier Should Never Admit Ignorance Until He Is Sure of It.

The artillery sergeant was giving one of his rare and highly prized lectures, with illustrations from his own experience, to an audience of respectful recruits. His text was that the true soldier should know everything, and if there should be anything he didn't know, to conceal carefully his lack of knowledge.

"Now, look at me," he said. "I am in the service more years than you boys has got hairs on your chins, and at that there ups and comes something now and again that I have to learn. Do I admit to my superior officers that I don't know it? Not me. I lets on that it's all A B C to me, and goes at it blind till I learn it. When I was down at Governor's island, not so many years ago, there was a new kind of fancy gun arrived at Fort Slocum, and the colonel got orders to send a man up there to learn the boys the use of it.

"'Sergeant,' says he to me, 'I want you to go up to Fort Slocum to-morrow and drill the men there on that Brown-Robinson piece.'

"'Yes, sir,' says I, saluting.

"'Do you understand the mechanism of it?' says he, looking at me very sharp.

"'To be sure, sir,' says I. 'I seen then shooting with it at Fort McPherson two years ago.'

"'That's very curious,' says he, 'seeing it's only been in use in this country for less than a year,' and he gave me the laugh. 'But you go ahead, anyway,' says he, 'for if you can't put it through there's no man here that can.'

"You may guess that I got on the train thinking mighty hard, for I'd picked up enough to know that the new artillery was no more like any other kind of a gun than a peashooter is like a bow and arrow, and I was thinking I'd make a scrumptious disgrace of myself before a gang of strange Johnnies. Talk about soldier's luck—if I didn't run into my old captain on the train, a man that always keeps up with the latest thing in the artillery line. He asked me to sit down by him, and I said something about the new gun. That started him. He was all over the place with enthusiasm about it.

"'But, sir,' I says, 'that's a queer arrangement about the breech,' feeling him for a rise.

"'Queer?' says he. 'Not a bit when you understand it. Now, here, I'll draw it out for you,' and he fished out a bit of paper and a pencil and went to making diagrams.

"That was just my meat, so I led him on from one thing to another until I'd the whole arrangement down on paper, and I clapped eyes on the gun it was smiling at me like an old friend. I put the men through a drill on that piece that made 'em think I was a past grand master of the whole business. And the moral of this is: Never say you don't know a thing till you're sure you don't, for luck and a man's brains will pull him through many a hole with glory. Private McManus, if you have the mate to that cigar in your pocket I can use it in my business. Thanks."—N. Y. Sun.

Rearing of Children.

The offices of children in the culture of their parents are manifold. The influence of men and women upon each other become the most powerful agencies for their mutual harmonious growth. Oh, there is something in loving, dependent children, in tender care for them, and in losing them, even, which bestows upon the soul the most enriching of its experiences! There is, perhaps, nothing which so tends to soften the heart, to develop the kindlier affections, and to unlock and chasten the sympathies of men and women, as the children which sit around their table and frolic upon their knees. There can be no true development of heart and mind where pure selfishness is the predominant principle; so God ordains that in each house there shall be little ones, more precious than all else, who shall engage the sympathy, tax the efforts, and absorb the love of those who sustain to them the relation of parents. —N. Y. Ledger.

Hammer Tap Pot Roast.

Three pounds shoulder piece, dumplings, potatoes. Brown the meat in hot butter, then pour over it enough cold water to keep from burning; simmer two hours. When the water boils away, salt and pepper the meat and let fry a moment in its own fat; add a little water; let boil down and fry at least three times. The last time, which should be 30 minutes before serving, put in the potatoes with enough cold water to cover them; add more salt. Make the dumplings immediately. Drop them in and do not lift the cover until the half hour is up. Take out the stew, thicken the broth and pour it over the meat.—Good Housekeeping.

Rolled Bacon.

Prepare as for fried bacon, and then roll up each side. Take a clean skewer and push each roll on it, pressing them slightly together to prevent them unrolling. Place the skewer on a tin in the oven and bake till a nice brown. These neat, crisp little rolls look very appetizing, and are especially nice for placing round fowls or veal.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.